

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

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## The Year's Easter.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

ALL the spring  
Shut away!  
Lilies, violets, daffodils,  
Where are they?  
In the great, gray earth they rest,  
Stones above them.  
We shall seek and find them not,  
We who love them.

Yet all precious things at last  
Hear life's call.  
Angels of the resurrection  
Touch them all;  
Roll away the stone above them;  
Bid them bloom.  
Lilies, violets, daffodils  
Leave their tomb.

## Giving Cicely a Chance.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

UPON a confab of Senior girls Barbara came, bringing a breath of outdoors. Her boots were muddy from a tramp over the thawing roads, but her cheeks had the flush that only fresh air can bring.

"Girls, we must give Cicely a good place on the Easter programme," said Barbara.

"We shall," said Agnes, "but if some one says, 'Please, Cicely, will you give me your place?' she'll cheerfully retire into the back-ground."

"She played the piano with the orchestra last year," said Mina.

"Yes," said Barbara, "but I mean she shall have a real place this time. You know that real musicians say that Cicely has 'the gift.' She isn't showy, and will never put herself forward, but we agree that she is the one real musician of our bunch."

"Granted, Barbara, go on with your story," said Mina.

"You remember what Mrs. Meredith did when she was here two years ago?"

Mrs. Meredith, a graduate of the school, had made a name as a concert-singer. Two years before, she happened into town at the time of the Easter programme, and had given a scholarship in a famous music-school to the most promising young musician.

"It's not a secret," said Barbara, "though the official announcement isn't out, but she is going to give a scholarship annually hereafter. Think what it would mean to Cicely."

"I'm sure we want to give Cicely all the chance there is," said Maud. "Agnes and I are on the committee, and we'll see to it."

"That's a good girl. I'll play a game of tennis with you some day," said Barbara, and every one laughed at this offer of self-sacrifice.

The Easter programme in Hylon School was a festival of importance. It was peculiarly the pupils' day. Each department had a chance to exhibit its best work. Friday evening was given over to the "entertainment," and the programme was by the



AN EASTER PROCESSION.

Photo by William H. Kuns.

Hugh Cairns, Sculptor.

music and dramatic pupils. When the programme was published, Cicely was on for a group of child songs, playing her own accompaniment.

"It was sweet of the girls to give me something I knew, when I am so busy," said Cicely. "But never fear; I'll practice faithfully, and try to be a credit to my class."

Between practicing times Cicely furbished up the plain white dress that had been her best for all the school year. She pressed and turned her pink ribbon, and hid the faded spots in the rosette she made for her hair.

"They don't want to look at me; they want to hear me," she said bravely to herself, when she inspected the slippers that really had been worn long enough.

A few days later came the announcement of Mrs. Meredith's intentions. Then Cicely was surer than ever that she wanted to be heard. If she won recognition from so good an authority as Mrs. Meredith, she knew her uncle would be willing to see her in school two years more, and after that she could take care of herself and mother so easily. It was her uncle's generosity that had put her in the excellent Hylon School. But he had frowned on the idea of a college course. Cicely could teach or go into an office. He would see that she had a proper situation. And Cicely, loving music with all her being, felt that her life would be wasted if she had to turn to something else.

On the evening of the entertainment, the room behind the assembly platform was a-flutter with lovely girls.

Cicely sat back of the group, very quiet in her chair. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright.

"Why doesn't Miss Annerley come?" said Mina. "The orchestra is tuning up. I never knew her to be late."

But Miss Annerley, the principal, who never kept any one waiting was not there on time. When she did come she said, "Girls, you will have to go on the platform without me. Madame Conti will take my place."

"Why, what is the matter?" cried the girls.

"I have had a telegram that Ruth Conway's mother is very ill. Ruth became hysterical when I told her she was sent for, and she's not fit to go alone. I am at my wits' end. The train goes in half an hour. If I can't find any one, I must go myself. Ruth cannot go alone."

Miss Annerley scanned the girls' faces as if she hoped some one had a suggestion. The girls' orchestra in front was still tuning. "Wouldn't I do, Miss Annerley?" said Cicely.

"My dear Cicely, of course you would do. But your place on the programme!"

"Poor Ruth needs some one, and the people in the audience will never miss me if I'm not there."



Miss Annerley was already looking relieved. "I couldn't ask it of you, Cicely; you would miss the programme, and the party afterward."

"I'd rather go," said Cicely. "I'm so sorry for Ruth."

Miss Annerley was opening her purse. "Here is money for the tickets. Stop all night at Ruth's, and come home on the morning train. You won't have time to change your dress, dear. Just put on a long cloak. I've ordered the depot carriage. It will be at the hall in ten minutes."

Cicely took the money, and flew to her room. She changed her shoes, put on a long cloak and her hat, and put her toilet things in the handbag, before the carriage came. Poor Ruth, who had wept herself to a state of exhaustion, threw her arms about Cicely. "I'm so glad it's you that's going," she sobbed. "I think I couldn't have endured any one else."

At the moment when Cicely should have been singing her sweetest lullaby, she was trying to make Ruth comfortable in her seat in the train.

Barbara, who loved Cicely devotedly, had a few minutes of rebellion as she watched Cicely leave the room. It wasn't fair for this duty to fall upon Cicely. Of course she felt very sorry for poor Ruth, and she shivered to think what such a message must mean to any girl. There probably was not another girl save Cicely in the school that Miss Annerley would have trusted to go. Cicely was so dependable, and she would be so comforting. Barbara knew that she herself would have been dumb and helpless in the presence of grief. Even the applause that greeted the string quartette failed to lift the gloom from her brow.

In the reception that followed the programme, parents and friends mingled with the pupils. Barbara clung to her own mother closely.

"Come and be introduced to Mrs. Meredith," said her mother.

Barbara followed, and shook hands shyly with the great lady. Then she stood aside while her mother and Mrs. Meredith talked of mutual friends.

"I wish I could tell her about Cicely," thought Barbara, "but I never could. She would probably think I was impertinent to try to influence her judgment. And she's so great and fashionable. My voice just sort of dries up when I think of talking to her."

Barbara went to the other side of the big room. She helped the girls who were presiding at the tables. But every time she looked up she caught a glimpse of the tall, rather haughty-looking lady to whom she ought to speak. Strong, capable Barbara was really quite shy. She put it off until she saw Mrs. Meredith, in her wrap, going through the hall to take her carriage. Then, murmuring to herself "It's for Cicely," Barbara ran after her.

"Mrs. Meredith," she panted, incoherently. "There was a girl on the programme that sings better than any of the rest of us, and she wasn't there because she gave up her place and went home with a girl that was sent for because her mother is dreadfully sick."

Mrs. Meredith appeared to be able to grasp the meaning of Barbara's speech. "You think I ought to hear this girl before I decide on the scholarship?" she asked.

"Oh, if you only could!" said Barbara, fervently.

"I don't know quite how to manage it.

I'd rather not summon her to sing for me. That might look like favoritism. I want every one to feel that this is quite fair. Yet, since the girl was away for such a reason, I feel that she ought to be heard."

"I know how you could if it isn't too much trouble," said Barbara. "Cicely is going to sing for the children's story class at the library to-morrow, and she will sing the very same songs that she intended to sing this evening. If you were in the library you would hear her, and she wouldn't know, and you'd see that she gives her very best even to those grimy little children from the poorest foreign district."

"What time does she sing?"

"At three o'clock."

"Thank you for telling me. I'll try to be there. Good-night, Barbara. You remind me very much of your mother."

"Why, she isn't stiff and horrid to talk to at all," Barbara thought as she ran back into the hall. "Now if only something doesn't happen to keep her away!"

Cicely came back on the morning train. She was pale and worn. But she was happy over the news that Ruth's mother was slightly improved.

Cicely lay down for a nap at Barbara's earnest solicitation, Barbara promising to stand guard, and wake her at two.

Barbara warned the other girls away from the vicinity of Cicely's door.

"Cicely must be at her best for her songs at the library this afternoon," she said impressively.

They were at the library before three. Cicely sat near the piano in the children's room, and Barbara, seated in the audience, fidgeted about in an agony of impatience. But when she caught a glimpse of a rich fur cloak through the doorway, she sank back quietly.

Cicely was at her best. She good-naturedly responded to the children's encore with a second group of songs. Barbara was satisfied even before Mrs. Meredith beckoned to her as she arose to go.

"I am glad you asked me to come and hear your friend," said Mrs. Meredith. "You were right in your judgment of her music."

"Oh, I'd just like to hug you!" cried impulsive Barbara.

"Do it, then," said the lady. And Barbara did.

"What makes you keep giggling so?" asked Cicely, as they walked home.

"It's a secret," said Barbara; "but never mind, you will know in a few short hours. Then you'll laugh, too."

"I can wait," said Cicely. "Your secrets are always worth waiting for."

### A Sunset Thought.

I LIKE to think when western skies are bright

With twilight's gold, that far beyond our sight,

Beneath the world's dim verge where day has gone,

Our sunset is, for other lands—a dawn.

And ever does it symbolize to me

The promise sweet of immortality:

Beyond the darkness waits for us always

The looming glory of a perfect day!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH,  
in *Sunday School Times*.

### The Gift of Hearing.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

IT was the afternoon of Easter Eve. The four girls stopped at Dora's door. "Come," they called eagerly. "We're taking Easter presents for the old ladies at the Institute."

"I've some lily bulbs in pots," said Alice. "They'll just about bloom for Easter Day."

"My gift is more material," laughed Clara. "I've made a lot of that gingerbread they like so much, and found a tin box for each old lady. She can keep the box in her room instead of cluttering it up."

"And I've just colored them some eggs, to remind them they were young once upon a time." Ruth held up her basket. "The prettiest tints I could find I kept for them. It must be hard to be old."

"Well, feeling pretty sure that vanity dies hard, and isn't quite extinct even in old ladies in homes, I've made each one a pretty turnover of lace, or a bow for a cap, and I've even made a little corsage bouquet for that very dressy, dear old Mrs. Pell," and Amy looked with satisfaction at her tiny parcels, daintily packed in snowy tissue paper and tied with pale green baby ribbon.

Dora was ready to cry.

"I haven't a thing," she said. "We've had to help our little sick cousins so much that our Easter charity has begun—and must end—at home."

There was a moment's silence. The girls of St. Agatha's Guild were very sorry for Dora, the poorest member.

"But I'll come and see them enjoy your gifts," she added more brightly. "At least, I can give them sympathy."

So she put on her hat and accompanied the happy girls, who soon mounted the steps of the Institute.

"No," she said as one old lady lifted questioning eyes to her, "I'm just making a call."

So she sat down. The other girl, having deposited bow, lily, cake, and eggs by this particular old lady's chair, had moved on.

"A call. That's nice," said the old lady. "Before I came here—that is, before I had all my terrible losses, my dear—I had a calling-list it would have taken you some time to read. Ah, it's a sad thing to come down as I've come down. And now I'm thankful to have people bring me gifts like these."

She looked rather scornfully at the little pile of Easter offerings.

"It must be hard," replied Dora. She always shrank from the old people when they began their complaints and repinings, but a little attention seemed her only Easter gift, so she stayed on, and heard all the sorrows, troubles, afflictions, misfortunes, calamities, and adverse happenings which had been Mrs. Wade's portion since those happy days before the first of them. It was a rather dreary recital, and she could think of nothing very comforting to say. But the old lady herself seemed to derive a peculiar satisfaction from recounting these causes and progressions of her various woes; and when Dora left her, she begged her to "call" again.

The next old lady did exactly the same thing, and so did the next. Dora spent three hours—the full visiting time—in the Institute, staying long, long after the gift-givers had gone on to an afternoon tea.



"Thank you very much," said the matron to the girl, as she left, in the now gathering dusk. "We get twenty material gifts for one hour of time and patient, sympathetic listening. Nothing really gives the old ladies half the pleasure that a listener does. It's a great gift—the gift of hearing—*them*," she added, with a whimsical smile. "They travel back, mentally, to those brighter days when not one of them ever thought she would end her days in an Old Ladies' Institute. They will enjoy their lilies to-morrow, and the eggs, cake, and little 'chiffon.' But, all told, you have given them as much pleasure as *you* could give them." "Oh, Dora," cried the girls, as they met on her doorstep again, when they were returning from their tea. "Why didn't you come? We've had such fun!"

"I don't see how you can listen to those poor old things," added another. "I'd do anything for them but listen. They make me want to scream, they bore me so."

"Yes," spoke up a third, "I enjoyed coloring the eggs, but defend me from hearing all their woes!"

"Hearing,' you see, was my only Easter gift," said Dora, gently, as she re-entered her own house. "I was glad I had that."

*Not with dash or sudden sally,  
Swooping down with rushing wing,  
But as creeping up a valley  
Come the grasses of the spring:  
First one blade and then another,  
Still advancing are they seen,  
Rank on rank, each by its brother,  
Till each inch of ground is green.*

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

### The Call of Easter.

BY KATE HUDSON.

CHRISIE had just got back from spending a week in town with dear Aunt Christine, and was giving a glowing account of her various experiences to Prissie, her "other I," as Uncle Ted insisted on calling Chrissie's more sedate and shyer twin; an account in which a small and early tea-party at Aunt Hollinses and a never-to-be-forgotten spend-the-day at Cousin Millicent's alternated with four greatly dreaded and "perfectly awful" visits to the dentist's, and which culminated in shopping for the box of Easter eggs the little lassie had brought back with her to the folks at home. "These two," explained Chrissie, "are for us two; the one tied up with blue is yours, and the pink one is mine. Aunt Christine made me look another way when she bought 'em, and we don't dare look at 'em till Easter Day. This chocolate one is for Mother, and this funny, funny Japanese one is for Father. Sissie's to have this cute white candy peep-right-in egg, and the brown bunny one is for Baby Boy. And *this*," proudly displaying a hard-as-rocks yellow nougat contrivance, "is what I selected—all by myself—for Gran'ma; and don't you think she'll thin it's just lovely?"

"Seem 's if it's kind o' heavy for a real, real old lady," mused Prissie, picking up the confection between a rosy thumb and forefinger. "Let's ask Mother."

When consulted, "Oh, we'll just keep that lovely shiny one to look at," said that busy woman. "Prissie and I are saving up something we picked just before the big snow-storm for Grandma,—that bunch of twigs on my flower-shelf."

"Let's see it, Priss!" cried Chrissie, danc-



"Mamma says my hand is too heavy by far,  
To touch such little creatures as butterflies are."

ing up to mother's flower-filled sunny south window. "Is *that* what you've got for Gran'ma,—that scraggy lot of sticks?"

"They're lots better than when we gathered them," declared Prissie, adding hopefully, "and it's five days yet before Easter. Those willow-pussies will be *all* out by then. They're *most* out *now*; and do look at all these teeny-weeny lilock leaves."

"Is this a sweet-gum branch?" asked Chrissie, becoming interested. "And here's a really truly birch-catkin, 'most an inch long! What's that one?" pointing to an unsightly, rusty-dusty, dried-up, bud-like object clinging tightly to a crooked twig.

"*That's* Mother's surprise-one, and the prettiest one of all if it comes out at all, Mother says," explained Prissie, gently, stroking the ragged gray "bud" with delicately pointed fingers. "But it doesn't look like coming-out to me."

"It's *deader* than *dead*!" announced Chrissie, emphatically; "and I don't see what Mother wants it sticking round for. I'd throw it out, double-quick. Come on, Priss; let's play paper-dolls!"

Easter morning brought its usual good cheer. A platter heaped high with home-colored eggs, and with Grandma's nougat monstrosity in the middle, graced the breakfast table. The city eggs contributed by Chrissie were delightfully accepted, and the "scraggy lot of sticks," *now* a misty cloud of soft colors,—of delicate lilac leaflets, of

yellow-powdered and fluffy birch-catkins, of gray and furry pussy-willows,—was carried in triumph by all the children into Grandma's room, where it was greeted with pathetic interest.

Grandma, for all she hadn't been out of the house in over two years nor out of her room for almost three months, recognized every twiglet and even knew just where on the farm and in the neighborhood they had been picked; and had her "Easter-hope nose-gay" (as she called it) set close by her bedside where she could see, sniff, and touch it every minute. But, through it all, the big and dusty bud on the withered crooked twig gave never a sign, and looked, if possible, more hopeless than ever.

Sunday joys and Monday chores so occupied the household that it was not until after school, when Prissie at last remembered that Mother's flowers had not yet been watered, that the "deader than dead" bud was found, after all, to have heeded the "call of Easter," like all the other twigs.

"Mother, Chrissie, Sissie! Come, quick, all of you!" cried the delighted child. "The 's'prise one' has bloomed into a butterfly!" and pointed to the window-frame, where sat what had all winter been snugly sleeping in the dry and dusty gray chrysalis on the crooked dead branch,—a large and joyously alive butterfly, slowly unfolding and drying its velvety wings,—a quavering, quivering, fluttering, Easter butterfly.



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## Devotional.

## Easter.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM H. RAMSAY.

THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not  
want,  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;  
He leadeth me beside still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for  
his name's sake.  
Yea though I walk through the valley of the  
shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;  
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.  
Thou anointest my head with oil;  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all  
the days of my life;  
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord  
forever.

*Psalm xxiii.*

Think every morning when the sun peeps  
through  
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents from shore to  
shore  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

## PRAYER.

OH God, our heavenly Father, we are  
only little children, and yet we ask  
Thee to look down upon us and help us  
to worship Thee. It is the season of our year  
when everything is worshipping Thee. Every  
bird that has begun to sing, every tiny flower  
that unfolds its petals, every swelling branch  
and bursting bud that begins to awaken to  
its spring-time glory, is sounding Thy praise  
and speaking Thy wondrous power. From  
the face of all our earth, and from the hearts  
of all men, there goes up to Thee the anthem  
of returning joy and life. We also would  
join the happy chorus. We also would lift  
up our voices in song and prayer, to render  
glory and homage to our heavenly King, in  
whose life we have life, and in whose love  
we dwell secure. Thou dost listen even  
unto children's voices; wilt Thou listen unto  
ours. Put away from our hearts all foolish  
thoughts. Cleanse us of every selfish  
impulse. Free us from every hateful and  
unworthy desire. Help us to come into Thy  
presence now, in our purity and freshness,  
to speak our gratitude, and receive the gifts  
of Thy loving grace. Amen.

THE ship may sink, and I may drink  
A hasty death in the bitter sea;  
But all that I leave in the ocean grave  
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to  
me.

What care I though falls the sky,  
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?  
No fires of doom can ever consume  
What never was meant nor made to burn.

Let go the breath! There is no death  
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm;  
Not of the clod is the life of God,

Let it mount, as it will,  
C. G. AMES.

## Easter Messengers.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

FOR some time there had been a stirring  
in the earth-chamber where the flowers  
were sleeping,—uneasy nestlings that  
seemed to indicate a change.

The violets and mayflowers began to think  
of spring dresses even while the buttercups  
and daisies were taking another nap.

"We are expected early, you know," an  
arbutus confided to a violet that was care-  
fully unrolling her Easter bonnet. "I know  
it will be cold," she asserted, as the violet  
shivered, "but we do not want to spoil our  
record on that account. No flower can be  
a leader without some inconvenience, you  
know."

Another fold in the violet's hood had un-  
rolled while the arbutus had been delivering  
this lecture, and the flower straightened  
itself on its stem. Backbone—that was  
what was needed. The violet wondered if,  
possibly, it might have lost that quality  
while it had been resting.

Something seemed to be urging the violet  
to renewed effort, and the mayflower soon  
found its companion standing bravely by its  
side.

Together they strained upward without a  
thought of failure. "What we have done  
once we can do again, you know," the arbutus  
encouraged.

And because of their pluck, the winter  
snowflakes that had so kindly formed a cov-  
ering for them while they had been sleeping  
sent little rills of water soaking into the  
earth to moisten it and render the journey  
easier.

"I have noticed that that is always the  
way as soon as we have made a start," the  
arbutus confided to the shivering violet;  
"but it never happens until then. Some of  
my sisters perish every spring because of  
their sluggishness," she affirmed.

"Yes, and there are violets, too, that go  
to sleep in the fall and never see the light  
again, for this same reason," the violet  
agreed. "It is a little easier for you may-  
flowers to make an early start, because your  
stems are sturdier than ours," remarked the  
violet, adding another petal to her bonnet.

"Then all the more credit belongs to you  
for your greater effort," comforted the sym-  
pathetic mayflower.

"But why should we be obliged to start  
so much ahead of the other flowers?" com-  
plained the still unconvinced violet.

"I can think of no other reason than be-  
cause we have been chosen as leaders," the  
mayflower proudly made answer. "It is  
great to be a leader, don't you think so? I  
am sure I wouldn't give up that honor for

the privilege of a little longer nap,—now  
would you?"

The arbutus nestled closer to the swaying  
violet, and with the sense of this protection  
its last petal shyly unfolded.

The violet confessed that it never had  
considered the matter in this light, and it  
cheerfully agreed to spend no more time in  
idle complaining, but to use all its efforts  
towards getting up into the sunshine by  
Easter morning.

"Mother Nature needs us or she would not  
have awakened us so early," assured the  
arbutus, sending a waft of sweetness upon  
the chill air. "We feel honored by her choice."

"And so do I," agreed the violet as the  
last petal of its spring bonnet unfolded.

Together, braving the cold blasts of spring,  
they journeyed upward into the light. And  
Easter morning found them again blessing  
the earth with their fragrance and beauty.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 1, 2, 12, is a piece of land.  
My 10, 18, 7, 15, 19, is to bring together.  
My 20, 14, 7, 12, is to stand around.  
My 5, 12, 15, 16, 13, is an animal.  
My 21, 14, 7, 8, 11, is what a rowboat sometimes  
does.  
My 7, 8, 9, 7, 14, 4, is one of Homer's famous books.  
My 3, 16, 19, 17, is a necessity.  
My 11, 14, 6, 17, is pulverized rock.  
My whole is a famous magazine.

FRANCIS KENNEDY.

## RIMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Although he writes of 12, 13, 7, 9, 5, his tales are  
never 3, 5, 6, 8.  
He's just as open as the 7, 5, 4, as merry as a 11, 5, 6, 8;  
Though lions 10, 11, 5, 4 in jungles, and tigers  
11, 2, 1, 8 in shade.  
And 14, 6, 5, 4 wolves 14, 1, 9, 13, 2, 13, 8, 12, 13, 7, 11,  
4, no 1, 2, 3, 7, 4 child's afraid;  
Though elephant and jackal, and ape, that missing  
11, 9, 13, 8,  
Come in the 11, 2, 6, 12, 3 moonlight down to the  
1, 9, 11, 11 to 7, 1, 12, 13, 8.  
Long may his jolly poems 6, 9, 13, 14, his 14, 5, 4 pen  
3, 2, 11, 4, 10, 11, 4,  
For of story-tellers he is 8, 12, 13, 14, may his 9, 13, 8  
never 6, 2, 13, 3, 1, 4.

Youth's Companion.

## BEHEADINGS.

Drop an f from:  
1. The visage, and get a unit on cards or dice.  
2. A boy's name, and get a row of men.  
3. A stated market, and get a tune.  
4. An agent in trade, and get a stage player.  
5. To dread, and get a part of the face.  
6. A scale of snow, and get a body of water sur-  
rounded by land.  
7. A Province of Russia, and get something remote  
from the sea.

FANNY RICHARDSON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

ENIGMA LIV.—Let him that thinketh he standeth  
take heed lest he fall.—1. Cor. x. 12.  
ENIGMA LV.—Little Women.  
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Trumpet.  
TWISTED NEW ENGLAND CITIES.—1. Providence.  
2. Saco. 3. New Haven. 4. Portland. 5. Mont-  
pelier. 6. Dover. 7. Lawrence.

Correct answers to all the puzzles in No. 22 were  
sent by Leslie Booth, of the Church of the Messiah  
Sunday school, Montreal, Canada, and the answer  
to Enigma No. XLIX. by Olive Beatrice Hill, of  
Washington, D.C.